

The background of the album cover features a group of people in dark clothing and hoods, standing in front of a brick wall. The lighting is dark and moody, with a blue tint. A bright, circular light flare is visible on the right side of the image, partially overlapping the text.

KRS ONE

THE SNEAK ATTACK

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ghetto Lifestyles"

"Why do you listen to KRS-One?"

"Cause it's more than just music.

He speaks to my way of life."

"KRS is the best. Listen for the inner meanings."

"Never heard, anyone like this."

[KRS-One]

Feel this! Feel it!

Feel the power, of DJ Kenny Parker, word up.. huh!

C'mon, yeah.. uhh.. ("Yeah yeah yeah")

So we gonna come down one time for your mind, you know whassup

Turn it up, turn it up turn it up turn it up

Look!!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts

Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

("Protect yourself") - that's right!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts

Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

("Protect yourself")

Yo, all summer they bump the KRS-Oner

From the microscopic atomic structure of the under

I spit thunder, which hunts ya, runs you down and stuns ya

I'm at the center of all rap worlds like a rotunda

Then again, I rock you and your friend again

In any club in the country when you say KRS they say, "Let him in"

V.I.P. passes for intellectuals with glasses

Ignorant asses get left outside with the masses

Next day we attend classes and gatherings

Shattering, those that be rattling about battling

Battin 'em down from the Bronx like Don Mattingly[?]

The black African snappin backs again and laughin again

You won't be askin again, my album I'm already masterin

Whoever you think is dope I'm already blastin him

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts

Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

("Protect yourself") - that's right!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts
Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Attendance"

[KRS-One]

Who was the first to flash the heat on the cover?
Who was the first crew to go against another?
Who was the first to go acapella on a video replay?
Who was the first to lose a DJ?
Who was the first to teach at Yale?
Who was the first to hit that hip-hop reggae, on the nail?
Who was the first to say (Stop the Violence)
and teach that real bad boys move in silence?
You're soon to see the mindbendin rhyme weapon
Get more busy than two-two-three-double-nine-seven
All these rappers, swear they the best
I know whatchu thinkin about, "Where's KRS?"
Eighty percent of these rappers fake they shit
The other twenty percent they goin upstate and shit
There's no way out except knowledge and wisdom
I got it so I spit 'em you ain't got it you gotta get 'em
Who was the first to produce mix and write
at the same time up in the club rockin the mic?
Who was the first to have a DJ and a side man?
The first to say what is hip-hop? "I AM!"
Who was the first to produce gangster shit?
Put out, gangster hits with a gangster click?
Not no prankster shit, Steady B, Mad Lion
Just-Ice, Shabba Ranks and shit
My Channel is Live, my only battle is Jive
MC to MC, you won't survive
You'll be censored cause my Crew is 2 Live
I ascend like Christ and watch you die

[Chorus: x2]

Breakers (HERE!) MC's (HERE!)
Writers (HERE!) Beat-boxers (HERE!)
DJ's (HERE!) Hip-Hop (HERE!)
Hip-Hop (RIGHT HERE!) Hip-Hop (RIGHT HERE!)

[KRS-One]

I'm like Noah, I'm takin 'em, two by two
I took, them and them and I'll take, you and you
Be I'm right or be I'm wrong
You'll see I'm tight with this mic, you should be like, "B I'm gone"
But you still in my face Neo, I'm not your girl
All that ice and thug life, that's not my world
I'm the teacher, but you still can't see

cause while you respect Tupac, Tupac respected me
Another thing; don't ever show me another ring
Remember you Rudy Ray Moore, I'm Martin Luther King
Everything you bring sounds horrendous
You need repentance, 'fore I take attendance

[Chorus]

[KRS-One hums a melody for a bit]

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hot"

Yeah

Who will be standing when the smoke clears?

[Redman] (KRS-One)

Word up!

What's up with this?

We're coming through

Boogie Down style, kid

What's up

This is KRS-One

The light at the end of the tunnel

Yo, they not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
I'm HOT, been hot, repeatedly heated
Don't call the teacher, hah, you best be seated
You got these kids gased up like you own the inventory
Fake muthafuckas ain't tellin the whole story
Tell em how you borrow from everyone you knew
And now that you're on top, they can't borrow from you
That's not hot, tell em how you love bein pop
Cause you was so broke before, sleepin cold on a cot
You don't rock, you grab money
Your crocks rock the spot and you grab them honeys
It's about to get ugly
I don't even go to these bullshit kiddie-ass clubs
You wanna be a thug? Let's thug
First of all, soldiers speak to soldiers
Captains speak to captains
Lieutenant/lieutenant, cool?
But your first mistake is: he's steppin to me, rookie
Like you a O.G. and you just a run-up, fool
Who really got these streets on lock?
Whose name really holds high respect on the block?
Who opened up these clubs and taught you how to mix?
Who opened up these thugs from Compton to the Bricks?
I don't even sound like the rest of you kiddies
I study the ways of God, you studyin titties
And ass, I pity your class
Cause you come out with a blast
But you're trash, so you really don't last

They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
This is hotter than heat, too deep, I'm on top of the streets
You weak, you ain't really rockin these beats
You [?] you dress straight, eat straight
But you're a slave, and yo, you can't come up in a heat tank
G-o-d we thank, we watch what we sell
You better hope these Christians are wrong cause you goin to hell
Think about that when you're spittin your raps
And you call out KRS, I'll put you flat on your back
You're not HOT, all you do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Who's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Where's your respect on the block?
[scratching of]
[Redman] (KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butta-Pican Rican, tell em to get off it)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Why"

[KRS-One] Class in session. What, is, democracy?

[student] Yo it's the rule of the people. The self rule.

[student] It's what the people want!

[K] That's right. But is this a democracy?

[s] Nah, democracy is a goal to be attained.

[K] That's right. The character of the people should be reflected

[K] in the laws and the institution of the state.

[s] Psssh, I don't see my character reflected!

[K] Tell me

[Chorus 1: KRS-One]

WHY, are all the schools they fallin apart
and WHY, the youth not takin no musical art
and WHY, the professionals really don't know where to start
No, one, really, cares, about
WHY, the people ain't trustin the law and the order
and WHY, the hookers from 70's look like our daughters
and WHY, the radio station they help with the slaughter
No, one, really, cares, about

[KRS-One]

The mind, they usin until it's time they doin a rhyme
will ruin what you doin if you crime pursuin
Let me tell you bout gettin your family out the mean ghetto
to green meadows, where you can finally be settled
That street level, freak level, pullin out heat level
Eatin meat level, deceit level, that's that beast level
You gotta stand upright in a house with three levels
Where you don't even see devils unless he shovels the snow
Many philosophers live on the low
Never crazy hazy or lazy we get up and go
Whaddya know, I'm always teaching after the show
Not messin with hoes, I'm with my wife, changin my clothes
Blowin my nose, deliverin blows to foes
with new flows; then disappear where nobody knows
Cause I got too many questions, too many lessons
I gotta go, too many people stressin but I gotta know

[Chorus 2: KRS-One]

WHY, these officers gunnin us down on our block
and WHY, the President never steps in on these cops
and WHY, the mayor don't even look like he in shock
No, one, really, cares, about
WHY, the call of the poor is always ignored

and WHY, the senators governors breakin the law
and WHY, they taxin and taxin and taxin the poor
No, one, really, cares, about

[KRS-One]

You, me, or themselves you can tell, they livin in hell
But they come on the TV lookin so swell
Sellin you dreams of schemes of you gettin green and cream
But they never explain the work and all it means
You got to visualize, close the lid on your eyes
and visualize, minimize lies
See yourself bigger in size, quicker to rise up
wise up climb up, before your time's up but

[Chorus 1]

[s] The votes

[K] That's right

[s] The politics

[K] That's right

[s] The government you know!

[K] Uh-huh, people basically have the government they want

[s] If people felt dissed, they'd be out rebellin right now

KRS-One Lyrics

"Doth Thou Know"

[KRS-One]

Thou knowest not what thou sayeth in speech?
Doth thou know what thou teacheth to each?
From thine own mouth, thy corrupt thine own house
Thy corrupt thine siblings and thine own spouse
Satan has hold of thy spirit
So evil has hold of thy lyric
Whomsoever shall hear it shall adapt it
And walk the talk of evil just as ye rapped it
But I cometh forth today to say thus
Evil is an illusion, in GOD we trust
In Satan we lust
Coveting thy brother's vehicle while riding the bus
Feeling unjust
Trust not sinners in the flesh they aren't winners
But in the spirit they art children, beginners
Eat not of the dinner they serve
Seek the experienced MC, not the beginners in word

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Lessin"

(feat. April S. Williams)

Yeah.. uh-huh.. underground, never stop y'all
Underground, K.P. y'all c'mon!

[Chorus: April S. Williams]

Ain't no stoppin what we done
Don't give up this fight is won
There's no way they can hold us down
Cause with power and strength we gonna take it now
Take that stand realize the truth
Knowledge intellect bringin minds anew
There's no way they can hold us down
Cause with power and strength we gonna save you now

[KRS-One over Chorus]

Uh-huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh-huh
Tell them again, tell them again!
Uhh
Get 'em up now, word
Just get it up now, uh-huh
ALL OF THE MASSIVE!

[KRS-One]

B, R, O, N, X
See these cars, see these checks, intellect
See these thugs, ain't no sweat, intellect
A thousand miles, how do you do it? One step
Now check out this flow, they wanna be down, but they cain't
Original (Criminal Minded) flow, they just ain't
ready for the real, ready to peel off the paint
Your style is fake, the teacher returns to debate
You the best? That's bull, you questionable
Highly flexible, wasn't you sexual?
Now you hardcore? You need to see God more
I sit on the faculty; you, you sophomore

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]

Uhh, get 'em up
Yeah, get 'em up uhh
Yeah, uhh, that's right

That's right uh-huh, tell 'em again
It go.. get 'em up
Yeah, that's right, uh-huh
Uh-huh
Another Kenny Parker exclusive!

[KRS-One]

Time to get it, now you did it, tryin to spit it
You don't fit it, ask the critics, already did it, skipped the gimmicks
I don't mimic, metaphysics, you'll admit it, better to live it
better to give it, so I spit it every minute so you get it
My lyric is wicked an' full of culture y'all
Huh? Battle, nah - get back in your car
Either you never heard of me or you really wanna get with me
But as your teacher let me test you for a learning disability
You feeling me? Cause you can't, get it through your head
This is, sui-CIDE!! You're better off dead
Let me not amp you up, cause this style you can't do what
My stomach can take it and your stomach it'll cramp you up
This is, breath control, breath control stylee
I get up all in that ass that [?] heinie
Try me, back in the days you woulda had sorrow
Try the teacher today, and you won't see tomorrow cause

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]

Uhh, we get 'em up
Uhh, that's right, get 'em up
Yeah, uh-huh, get 'em up
Yeah, ONE MORE TIME NOW!
Uhh, that's right, get 'em up
Uh-huh, uh-huh, get 'em up I HEAR YOU
Uh-huh, I HEAR YOU, WORD UP!
LOOK AT THIS!

[KRS-One]

Like a piss on the streets I exist
Not the meat but the fish
Complete the feat when I'm speakin the heat into this
Witness Kris rippin this
Don't trip on this, skip ahead if you're ready
My show medley is deadly
I'm about a hundred million mic years away
These players I don't hate, but I'm not here to play
I hit it all day, all night, all afternoon
Rock all mics from the days of sassoon
Where the hell was you? On the corner with rats
when we was at the LQ, lockin it down and that was that

Divine speaker, mind keeper, time teacher, time leader
I'll be sittin in the club by the speaker
Waitin for you rappers to choke up then I eat ya
like some prehistoric winged creature, AHHH!
On your neck, like the American eagle facin East and West
I be the best, Blastmaster KRS cause

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]

We get 'em up
Uhh, yo, we get 'em up
Like, YEAH, I SEE IT OVER THERE
I SEE IT OVER THERE, IT'S.. YEAH IT'S OVER HERE!
Uhh! Uhh, one more time we get it up
Yeah, yeah, we get it
Uhh, uhh, IT'S OVER HERE NOW!
IT'S OVER HERE NOW! UHH!

[April and KRS-One ad lib]

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

Attention all true hip-hoppers
Let us come together, for the unity of hip-hop culture
Every third week in May, is hip-hop appreciation week
Celebrate with us
Then, join us in November, for hip-hop history month
Big up, to the Zulu Nation, PEACE!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Mind"

[Chorus 1: x2]

First thing we must do is make up our - MIND
Then we must go and really clear our - MIND
Erase the doubt and the fear from our - MIND
Share our - MIND, speak our - MIND

Stand up brother, stand up sister
I told y'all before, love is gonna get'cha
Lovin that money, lovin that liquor
Lovin that sex without respect you gets no bigger
I ain't got time to chill, only got time to build
You find that in those with skills
This a real MC, of the highest degree
With no video, my show they dyin to see
Not whether I'm buyin 'em three
When you watch television just keep sayin they lyin to me
Cause they are - how long you gonna stay at the bar?
I'm not desperate for money, maybe you are, but listen

[Chorus 2: x2]

First thing we gon' do is make up our - MIND
Then we gon' go, and we gon' clear our - MIND
Erase the doubt and the fear from our - MIND
Share our - MIND, speak our - MIND

Don't you think it's time we thought about the future?
Whether our children they gonna be winners or losers?
Don't you think it's time to advance the rhyme we spit?
Whether you know it or not, you deep in politics
All inside of it, in fact YOU the issue
Don't let this government diss you!
They really do not want you to vote
They really do not want you to hope
They really want you sniffin they coke
You look around yo we missin the boat
I coulda wrote about ANYTHING to get on, but this what I wrote
And what I'm writin, is guaranteed to enlighten
Like Dr. Cornel West, Michael Eric Dyson
This is how we do it today, enough of the crime talk
KRS got somethin new to say
Rise up, and put aside childish things
This is the message we bring; listen

[Chorus 2]

Last verse, KRS, blast first
Ignorance is bad, but temptation that's worse
They hide they purse, cause of the way we spit the verse
No one ever told 'em that the style's rehearsed
And even if they did, it wouldn't be new to they mind
Cause all day rappers confess to doin these crimes
So when the cops see you, they're not thinkin about me
They thinkin about takin you out of society
Keep it right, don't lie to me
You think it's too much preachin teachin?
Huh, well fine, we'll see
When you're locked up in J.D.C., or even prison
The truth shall set you free, just listen
You want health, and really that's about prevention
You want love, real love, and not depression
You want awareness, which come from discipline and will
You want wealth, which come from skills
When you really ready to talk, let's build
You ain't gotta be a scholar to know the next 4 years gonna be ill
I believe you already know the drill, don't lie
don't steal, seek peace and don't kill

[Chorus 1]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip-hop Knowledge"

You know.. life is funny..
If you don't repeat the actions of your own success
you won't be successful
You gotta know your own formula, your own ingredients
What made you, YOU..

1987 I was at the Latin Quarters
Listenin to Afrika Bambaata give the order
The call of the order was to avoid the slaughter
He said, "Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya!"
Without a lawyer, he taught The Infinity Lessons
In how hip-hop could be a, many a blessing
And that was great, so in 1988
there was no debate, we had to end the hate
The name of the game was "Stop the Violence"
and unity, knowledge, and self-reliance
We - started talkin bout Martin and Malcolm
Had these ghetto kids goin, "Huh, what about him?"
1989, Professor Griff speaks his mind
but his freedom of speech is declined
1990 came with the West coast
East coast, West coast, who is the best coast?
Lookin back now, of COURSE it was bogus
The whole argument was where we lost focus
We got hopeless; not with the lyrics and music
but with hip-hop, and how we used it
Or abused it, you know how the crew get
"You like it cause you choose it"
1991, we opened our eyes
with Human Education Against Lies, we tried
to talk about the state of humanity
But all these others rappers got mad at me
They called me "Captain Human", another message was sent
"Self Destruction don't pay the {fuckin} rent"
Remember that? Nobody wanted conscious rap
It was like - where these ballers at?
Where can they call us at? All was wack
Hip-Hop culture was fallin flat and that was that
So in 1992, I found my crew
They said, "Yo Kris, what you wanna do?"
I said, "Damn - why they wanna get with me?"
If I bust they {shit} I'm contradictory.
If I play the bitch role, they take my shoe.
Tell me what the {fuck} am I supposed to do?"

So I did it, don't stop get it get it get it
All of a sudden these critics they wanna spit it
"Kay Are Ess One is con-tra-dic-to-ry"
Just cause I wouldn't let these rappers get with me
{Fuck} that, {fuck} you and {fuck} your pen
If a rapper wanna diss, yo I'd do it again
But I'm makin these ends, and I got my friends
And I really don't wanna have to sit in the pen
So I go back to the philosopher
1993 hip-hop is uhh.. wack
Go back, check the facts
1994, "Return of the Boom Bap"
It wasn't all about the loot
It was all about Harry Allen Rhythm Cultural Institute
Blowin up, 1995
Conscious rap is still alive
But nobody wanna play it, nobody wanna say it
Nobody okayed it, they'd all rather hate it
1996 it really don't stop
We put together somethin called the Temple of Hip-Hop
Not just DJin, breakin, graf and lyrics
But how hip-hop affects the spirit
"Step Into a World," that's what I did
1997 I was raisin my kid
or kids, but I, had to go
Cause New York DJ's changed the flows
to clothes and hoes, but that wasn't me
I'll be damned if I dance for the MTV
So in 1998 I began to debate
Should I go now, or should I really wait?
'99, I moved to L.A. you see
and took a gig with the WB
Started studyin philosophy full-time
To have a full heart, full body, full mind
But you know what the problem is or was?
DJ's don't raise our kids, cuz
they so caught up in the cash and jewels
How they gonna really see a hip-hop school?
How they gonna really see a hip-hop temple?
They don't even wanna play my instrumentals, but
big up Dr. Dre, Snoop, Xzibit
Especially Xzibit, he was there in a minute
Mic Conception, all of them, said
"Yo you need help? I should call them"
When I was in L.A., I held the crown
Bloods, Crips, they held me down
I could never forget Mad Lion, killer pride
with the gat in the lap in the low-ride
Oh I can't forget, Icy Ice, Lucky Lou

Julio G, that was the crew
Davey D, Ingrid, David Connor
The list goes on and on, let me tell ya
FredWreck, and my man Protest
Much respect, no less
To my spiritual and mental defenders
Big up to L.A., temple members
But in 2000, I seen how I wanted to live
I wasn't no executive
So I picked up the mic and I quit my job
Said to Simone I gotta get with God
She said, "Don't worry bout these dollars and quarters.
Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya."
Damn, she took me back to Bam!
Took me back to who I am!
Brought me back to the New York land!
Now I overstand!..

[interviewer]

Now KRS-One, now you've been quoted as saying that
rap is something we do, hip-hop is something you live.

[KRS] Yes!

[interviewer]

Explain that to us please.

[KRS-One]

Well, well, today hip-hop, we are advocating that hip-hop is not,
just a music, it is an attitude, it is an awareness, it is a way
to view the world. So rap music, is something we do, but HIP-HOP,
is something we live. And we look at hip-hop, in it's 9 elements;
which is breaking, emceeing, graffiti art, deejaying, beatboxing,
street fashion, street language, street knowledge, and street
entrepenurialism - trade and business. And uhh, that's where y'know
that's the hip-hop that that that we're about. We come from the uhh
the root of, of Kool DJ Herc, who originated hip-hop in the early 70's
and then Afrika Bambaata and Zulu Nation (mmhmm)
who instigated something called The Infinity Lessons
and added conciousness to hip-hop, and then Grandmaster Flash
with the invention of the mixer, on to Run-D.M.C. and then myself.
And uhh, we created the "Stop the Violence" movement, you may recall
a song, "Self Destruction" and and and so on. All of this, goes to
uhh uhh, the idea of LIVING this culture out and taking responsibility
for how it looks and and acts in society.

KRS-One Lyrics

"What Kinda World"

There's no such thing as a government
There's only people rulin over people
People jerkin around people
People lendin a hand to people..
What part of the system do you play?
Who do you oppress? ..Uhh!

[Chorus]

What kinda world are we livin in? Yo
What kinda world are we livin innnnnnn?
Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

[Chorus 1/2]

When every day, seven thousand kids are gettin locked up
When every day the justice system seems to stay stocked up
When every day they cuttin 'em down 'fore they even pop up
When every day you gotta duck 'fore you get shot up
What kinda world are we livin in, spinnin in
Winnin in, sinnin in, let us begin again
Churches are ran like corporations makin me holla
Corporations are ran like churches praisin the dollar
There's no way out, or is it? Release your doubt and live it
Teachin metaphysics don't listen to these critics hear it
What kinda world are we livin in?
Believe in yourself, achieve for yourself, see for yourself
Speak for yourself, never weaken yourself, by deceivin yourself
Believe in your wealth, c'mon!

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, yeah
What kinda world are we livin out, we move about
in fear and doubt, tryin to get more clout
Just check it check it out, we took the wrong route
to a morality drought, basically I'm callin 'em out
What kinda world are we livin in, when a song
will not get on, unless it talks 'bout thongs
Now where did we go wrong? We don't have long
Preference all torn all worn not norm and all gone
What kinda world do we live around, when we lay around
Let me break it down, they shuttin us down
while we play around, we fallin, stallin

while God's callin, all in to fall in

[Chorus]

[Chorus 1/2]

When every day another unwanted pregnancy ends
When every day another person is betrayed by a friend
When every day it never ends, and the people pretend
like the President is there cause of them, let me ask
What kinda world can we really trust
when the cops they can shoot at us? Bo bo!
What kinda world can we really grow (ohh)
when our daughters wanna be hoes (ohh)
and a father that nobody knows (ohh)
and a mother wearin them sexy clothes (ho)
What kinda world are we livin in, yo
What kinda world are we livin in, uhh

[Chorus: w/ variations]

Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

Fresh.. for two-thousand-one.. you SU-CKAZZZZZZ!

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Will Make It"

(feat. Hezekiah Walker Choir)

[KRS-One]

Instead of reading the word of Christ, BE the word of Christ
Instead of following God's word, BE God's word
That's the consciousness of hip-hop
You are not just doing hip-hop, you ARE hip-hop
You are not just reading the word of God, you ARE the word of God

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS-One]

For me, what you see is what you get in these days
I'm so hungry you can throw my dinner right on the stage
You can bite down on my rage, bite down on my anticipation
With no doubt or hesitation, repeat this affirmation
(I WILL MAKE IT) Not I wanna make it
(SHOW 'EM HOW WE MAKE IT) In fact, we've made it
Every time we state and believe it we create it
The power of your very word is highly underrated
Sleepin in the dark in the park watchin others push they cart
Say this whole thing in your heart

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS-One]

For me, I ain't askin I ain't beggin I ain't pleadin
In a positive direction my lifestyle I'm leadin
I'm readin about ways of achievin what I'm believin
Every time I'm speakin I'm seein myself leapin
over buildings, over the one on the corner chillin

Straight into knowledge of self, countin up millions
Changin my situation, with creative visualization
Givin libation for this ancient information

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS] For me
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Get Your Self Up"

Yeah
(Yeah)
Yeah
(Yeah)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Hardcore!
Word
Hardcore!

[live excerpt]

(You really think they're ready, black?)

Let's break it all the way down

All the way down

Huh-huh

Don't be fooled

Don't be fooled

Rap is something you do

Hip-hop is something you live

Rap is something you do

Hip-hop is something you.. *[crowd responds]*

Rap is something you do

Hip-hop.. *[crowd responds]*

You are not just doing hip-hop..

[crowd responds]

Yeah

Let's get this started

Word up

[CHORUS]

You gotta - get - your - self - up!

You been knocked down?

Get yourself up!

You been shot down?

Get yourself up!

You been locked down?

Get yourself up!

Get - your - self - up!

Been knocked down?

Get yourself up!

Been shot down?

Get yourself up!
You been locked down?
Get yourself up!

What is a real hip-hop MC?
Is it MTV, is it BET?
Is it five m-i-c's
So the people can see
I mean, how you think you're free
When you act like property?
Tell me, how do you judge an MC when he's rockin
I mean rockin it live, not pickin his cotton
I mean adjustin his clothes, I mean how do you know
Before you come to the show that you're not gettin heated
That you're not gettin cheated
That you ain't come to the club thinkin 'I must've been weeded!'
(Word)

You got to be a educated consumer
Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya
Ass they want is your cash, ass, grass, gas in a flick
When you ask for that autograph they ass-dash quick
Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter
He pulls his gat while we bust off the gatler

[CHORUS]

This is the "Sneak Attack"
The "Edutainment" style returns like that
Take it off your shelf
Cause all we deal with is knowledge of self, health and wealth
Not Stealth bombers, leather goose bombers
Original hip-hop armor on cd-rom - eh
You got to get with a
21st century philosopher
Representin the religion of hip-hop, sir
Those that oppose are foes and will get rocked - eh
Stopped, eh - I rise like a helicopter
Like Zulu I'll Shaka, crowd
With a beat that's loud
Huh, I'm black and I'm proud - irrelevant
I'm black and intelligent
I teach my kids to watch the education they give em
Cause it's really all about street wisdom

[CHORUS]

True hip-hoppers don't bleed
True hip-hoppers don't need
True hip-hoppers don't speed

No time for greed
True hip-hoppers do read
And will lead, not plead
Will sow seeds that breed
Ah-ha that's safer than weed, indeed
True hip-hoppers don't slave
True hip-hoppers don't crave
Silver and gold, we're not amazed
We live f-r-e-e
If you not into lyrics you can't really hear it nor see me
My philosophy keeps it plain and simple
Here it is: the kingdom of hip-hop is within you
Or is it the kingdom of hell that sends you?
I'm ringin a bell within you
You only seek in a cell, that's what sin do
It tells you to put your craft on a menu, a chart
So they can sell you and your art

[CHORUS]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Krush Them"

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
While they floss with the chi-ching and all the rings
You stay focused, keep doin your thing
You cannot get the diamond ring, if you can't really sing
Or if you haven't got a skill, that you ready to fling
What you bringin to the table if you not really able
Tryin to get to the top, like the Tower of Babel
Back in the days, remember all the old gold cables
Where they at now? Sold, when they dropped from the label
All the money they gave you made you very unstable
They really enslaved but you wasn't able with the coke in your nasal
to see, you up in the crib but they rockin your cradle
You a joke and you fatal, they made you an M.C.

Meaning: Most Confused

Not E-M-C-E-E, that's what I use
Many people really wanna know from me
when I'ma drop and they can go cop, the next LP
Or CD, or T-A-P-E you see
It's about word of mouth, for me

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they rap
Yo, they don't really know where the money is at
And what's funny is that, is if you'd just stay focused
they'd be the one to be the brokest!
I'm from the inner city, that's right
Flashy asses and titties that's right
No pity mad graffiti that's right
Broken gang treaties, that's real
I speak complete broken slang freely at will
I spit what I'm about to spit, get what I'm about to get
Never no counterfeit, movin about a bit
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, only a few like the sound of it
Others can't get down with it (ONE.. TWO.. THREE.. BREAK!)
So why did I have to come off my sabbatical?
Battle you? My metachromatical will splatter you

I got another track to do, I can't mack witchu
Your rhymes are fictional, mine are factual
I'll embarrass you, I'm glad to do
I'm the teacher but in the streets it can be bad for you
I feel sad for you, cause you frontin like you gettin ahead
but you really on E instead
I've come to show these people you're not my equal
All you want is the cash and a hoe in a see-through
Yeah; KRS-One comin through with the breeze team
You know how we do

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
Yo we crush them, and they squad
Let me tell you right now that it's all about God
You can walk around the streets like you livin it hard
But a real teacher know when you scarred
I refuse to be bought, I refuse to snooze
I refuse to come up short, I refuse to lose
I refuse to be caught in the court
I refuse to refuse bein taught, I refuse evil thoughts
Cause they whole {shit's} wack, trap's wack
You're wack, you're pack's wack, in fact I jab-slap that
Cap at that, now, retract that crap, wherever I'm in or at
You better go back and sip that crap
Bring your gat, I'm lovin that
Like football, you'll be, runnin-back
Blazin 'em, merely dazin 'em, barely playin 'em out
These are God's lyrics, I'm just sayin 'em out

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
You supposed to be buttoned up right to your neck
If you a woman, you'll get respect
Let me tell you we crush the, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to be
You supposed to be a man of integrity
Above the law, you effect destiny
We CRUSH, THEM, and they lies
This is concious rap, we not hypnotized
Anywhere the action's at, we rappin at
Takin it home and unpackin that-that-that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hush"

(feat. Nyce (The Breeze Team))

Uh-huh, whatchu thought? Uh-huh, we was done?
Uh-huh, whatchu thought?! Yeah, yeah
Yeah, whatchu thought? Uhh, uhh, uhh
Yo, yo, back again! What's that? Back again!
What's that? Word! C'mon

[Chorus x2: Nyce]

A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, yo, check it, check it
Let us begin, KRS, winnin again, KRS-One did it again
KRS bigger than them, look at them they bit it again
I think my gun just gonna start clickin again
Click-clack, I always spit back
Anybody call my name I go get that
In fact we draggin 'em out, to a deserted route
The teacher returns, you must learn, the word is out
No doubt highly respected, Front Page Records
Off the hook, yet still connected
Are you teachin yourself, teachin yourself?
I'm like history repeatin itself
"Criminal Minded", you've been blinded again
Lookin for my style you can't find it again
You can find these others that may sound like Kris
but when it comes to the hands they don't get down like Kris!
They never ran up in the clubs with a hundred thugs
Never had the respect of Crips and Bloods
Never knew B.O., they never knew Big Pun
They never battled MC's, they never bust they gun
They don't know that, all they know is that show DAT
That's Digital Audio Tape if you don't know that
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus x2: Nyce]

A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Word, yeah yeah, uh-huh, yo
Yo, yo, yo (hit 'em Kris!)
What mean the world to me? H-I-P, H-O-P
And S-I-M, O-N-E
And G-O-D, I stay low key
I go down to hell, and slap up Satan
Then return to heaven, where Scott LaRock is waitin
Resurrection, just like my brown complexion
when I speak, I don't need protection from the heat
I walk these streets and I'm quick to hit first
Throw on any beat I'll be quick to spit first
and rip town, I take one look around
And all you hear is, "Get down, get down, get down!"
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I stay on blast
That's why these rappers want me to go on last
That's the truth, that's the fact, that's the deal
Forget sex appeal, my tech is real
And my rep is real, K-R-S
Woo-woop-woop! That's the sound of E-M-S
The rag on your head, it best stay white
Cause I can turn that red in a mintue a-ight?
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch them diamonds from 'round your neck
Once again, get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus: Nyce]

A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Yeah.. yeah.. yo, yo, yo
To all my heads who wanna see an improvement
in hip-hop culture, join this movement
We need more glocks than my man Freddie Foxxx
The knowledge I spit to the click it don't stop
That hardcore God-core, ready to start war
Rock more shock more top your pop tour
I'm sure I'll drop the grade to zero
When the teacher return, I don't chase DeNiro
Like where yo? Where yo? They livin in fear yo

It's a jungle sometime, but I got my spear yo
The album's called "Sneak Attack", that's what it is
KRS-One spittin facts to kids

[Chorus: Nyce]

A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Sneak Attack"

(feat. April S. Williams)

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right..
We're comin strong.. we're movin on.. (yeah)
It's time to rise.. and unify..
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]

Yo, where's my people at?
We be where the elite be at
We really never need the gat, we comin with a sneak attack
In fact, best believe we back
What we rap it heats the track
Kenny Parker sees to that, my job is to teach these cats
Present the clear speech they lack
And show 'em how to eat from rap

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right.. (that's right)
We're comin strong.. (uh-huh, yeah) we're movin on.. (tell 'em again!)
(Uhh) It's time to rise.. and unify.. (yeah, yeah)
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]

You know why the devil can't get with me?
Cause he's a liar, I've got victory
You can stick with me, my click is free
Negativity, that doesn't live with me
These rappers on one, I've skipped to three
These rappers on A, I've skipped to C
My image, heads ain't quick to be
So I thank you for pickin me
I know why people got to know, these wack rappers got to go
Let a MC rock the show
I'll show 'em how it 'posed to go
We forgot simply what we supposed to know
We still must defeat the foe
So what you got the dough? Your words don't make us glow
In fact they make us slow
How long this gonna take to know you ain't gotta be a hoe?

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right.. (yeah)
We're comin strong.. (yeah, yeah) we're movin on.. (uh-huh)
(Tell them again!) It's time to rise.. and unify.. (yeah)
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]

Look at the teacher, I stay attuned
People are blessed when I walk in the room
Snakes[?] don't stop me, and if they did
they'd be askin for a tag 'fore they kids
Medical students lose it when I enter any hospital
Doctors wanna talk music and whatever's topical
It's all logical, I perform the impossible
Through words I put hip-hop in you; listen
Here's what we got to do, unify
Defeat the flesh, defeat the beast in you and I
Win or lose I never shout, believe in yourself and never doubt
Discipline is simply a better route

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight - we keep it tight
We keep it right - we keep it right
We're comin strong - comin strong
We're movin on - movin on!
It's time to rise - it's time to rise
And unify - unifyyyy
Keep comin strong - comin strong
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
We keep it tight - we keep it tight
We keep it right - we keep it right
We're comin strong - we're comin strong
We're movin on - movin on!
It's time to rise - it's time to rise
And unify - it's time to unify
Keep comin strong
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
..
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
Just keep movin on - we gotta keep on movin on
Just keep movin on - wake up and realize
Just keep movin on - that you just keep movin on
Just keep movin on - it's time to realize
Just keep movin on - that you gotta keep movin on
Just keep movin on - keep movin on, keep movin on
Just keep movin on - you gotta keep movin on, you gotta take that time
Just keep movin on - you gotta realize, that it's time
- keep on movin on, keep on movin on

KRS-One Lyrics

"Shutupayouface"

Yeah, whassup?
Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface!
Look at this place!
Why was I chosen to pick up the race?
And carry the flame, the torch, the name?
Millenium games, it's all the same
Sinners repent, many for fear
End of the year, everyone cheers
Only a few hear my voice in they ears
Everyone else well they really don't care
But what if I told you I could read the future
and in the future, they the losers
We the winners, cause they the sinners
Well it's all mathematics, can I eat my dinner
and think (think) why was I made to link
between them and the universe; battle, who the first?
I don't really care, cause I'm really not here
I'm showin you skill, but you still sayin "Where?"

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface!
Every race, walkin around with they head up in space
They cannot see that we all really one
In any battle I already won
Thank the creator, it's already done
KRS-One? Leavin 'em stunned
Dunn duh-duh dunn dunn done it again
Me and Will and my brother named Ken, now let me tell you
The bass in your face, the highs in your eyes
will make you real-IZE
If you down with the Temple of Hip-Hop, you not no average GUY, or girl
C'mon take a critical look in my world
See the metaphysical books that I twirl and twist
Forces the ventriloquist
I'm just a dummy gettin money at this name Kris

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface!
KRS-One, Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone
Look, I be chillin readin a book

While the hip-hop nation repeats my hooks
All I wanna see is y'all healthy and wealthy
Yeah we already did it, really what can they tell me
About the pimps and the hoes, players and the clothes
You gets no money if you got no flow, no skill
C'mon y'all it's time to build
If you got no skill, how you gon' build?
Build, c'mon y'all it's time to build
If you got no skill, how you gon' build?

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface! Negative ass..
We bring the light!

North Carolina - they got me
Florida - they got me
Texas - yeah they rock me
In New York City they got me
L.A. - ha hah, they got me
Canada - Up North they rock me
D.C. - Atlanta, they got me
Ha hah - none of y'all can't stop me

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface! ..
Give it to 'em..

KRS-One Lyrics

"False Pride"

[KRS-One]

Okay now, listen to this..

[sound effect: seagulls]

A mystical teacher sat by the seaside
It was about five o'clock cause we heard the free ride
Anyway; the teacher was talking in stride
sitting upon a rock that was wide
and warning against false pride
"Come to where I reside!" a woman cried
and the teacher replied, "Do you serve your fish fried?"
"Yes," she replied, "with potato salad on the side."
And the teacher replied, "Well where do you reside?"
She said, "Up on the hillside, it's not a far ride.
If you came to have dinner, I would be so gratified."
The teacher replied, "It's six o'clock, seven o'clock, you decide."
She replied, "Seven o'clock, do you like stir-fried?"
She was mystified and felt so dignified
The teacher was coming to the house where she resides
So she purified with pesticides
[sound effect: chemicals sprayed]
Called her friends up nationwide
[sound effect: phone being dialed]
Some of her friends were tongue-tied they felt so glorified
She made steamed fish, baked fish, fish that was fried
Soup, steamed vegetables, potato salad on the side
[sound effect: food cooking]
You could smell the bread in the oven far and wide
Natural juices and water purified
Organic fruits brought from the countryside
with silver forks and knives placed side by side
[sound effect: silverware clinks]
You could not be dissatisfied;
looking out the window staring at the mountainside,
you would have died
6:59 she's swollen with pride
As the moment intensified, there's a knock from outside
[sound effect: door knocking]
She opens the door, for the teacher has arrived
[sound effect: door creaks open]
But to her surprise, it was a bum who cried
"Please, I smelt the bread from outside!
One piece," and then she replied
"The teacher is coming, he's soon to have arrived.
You're making me look bad, come on now, step aside!"

The bum then replied,
"When I say I'm hungry I haven't lied.
Give me some of that chicken that you just fried."
[sound effect: food cooking]
She replied, "Chicken - fried?
No that's for the teacher, you're not purified"
Then she slammed the door and went back inside
[sound effect: door closes]
Sat on the couch with the TV Guide
She looked at the clock, it was 7:09, then 7:30;
he still hasn't arrived
Eight o'clock, she's on the downside
Nine o'clock, by now she's teary-eyed
She's pissed off and her anger multiplied
She cried, then fell asleep dissatisfied
Next day she woke up, and was preoccupied
with meeting the mystical teacher who lied
Where could he hide?
She ran down by the seaside
[sound effect: seagulls]
He was there teaching about - false pride
"You lied!" she replied, "You lied!
You said you'd be there at seven o'clock, you lied!"
He replied, "No I have not lied.
I came at 6:59, and you told me to move aside.
I asked for bread and the chicken that was fried.
[sound effect: food cooking]
And you said, that I wasn't purified."
She replied, "I wasn't notified!
I had no idea that you was the bum that cried!"
And the teacher sighed, then replied,
"This concludes our lesson on false pride."

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Baptism"

(feat. Hezekiah Walker Choir)

So gather round now for the baptism
Cause if the dogs don't get 'em
the cattle get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em
Time for spiritual activism, life is a journey
and Kris got the map with him
Teach latinos and blacks with 'em
It's amazing when whites and asians kick raps with 'em
Cause out of a thousand MC's, believe I taught half of 'em
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I beam through many images
My origin is a mystery like capstones on pyramids
We live it kid, challenge the teacher you will regret that
I'm giving careers and taking careers away, did you forget that?

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Better check that, you can rock this track and the next
track

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] But when I correct the spirit hit, you'll always be set back

So gather round now for the baptism
Only those that got hip-hop in 'em
and not rap in 'em and no crack with 'em
Step up now and receive a holy dose
from a holy host, and take a break from these rappers that only boast

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)]

[HWC] Wake up, to make up

[KRS] Yeah yeah, yeah

[HWC] Wake up, to make up

[KRS] Huh, huh, yeah yeah, yeah

[HWC] Wake up, to make up

[KRS] Yo, yeah, yo..

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] My intellectual battle will make your brains rattle

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] I'll unwrap you and your crew from the same shackle

I'm on many different planes like a airport
Psychologically you be rethinkin your identity and cuttin ya hair short
Now there's a thought, that exposes your insecurity

You put no fear in me, I break the M from the C

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] And reverse it to say "See 'em? See 'em?"

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] They allow the devil to lead 'em, and they be givin up they
freedom

So, huh, gather round for the baptism

[HWC] Wake up

When the spirit hear it the lyric long before the track get 'em

[HWC] Wake up

I spit 'em out, gotta get 'em out, the world I never been about

I see them glitter but their spirit's goin in and out

We see them fading, we also see them hating

We also see those living for musical chart ratings
Hear what I'm stating or trading for what you're paying
Replace fear with faith and you'll stop decaying
Gather round for the raptism (word)
Gather round for the raptism (word, word)
[HWC] Wake up, wake up, wake up
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Make up, make up, make up
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Cause if the dogs don't get 'em
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] the cattle get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em, or the crack'll get
'em
Yo, yo, gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Wake up
Word.. word..
[HWC] Wake up
Word..
[HWC] Wake up
the dogs don't get 'em
the cattle get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em
[HWC] Wake up
[HWC] Everyday, when you wake up
[HWC] You got a chance, to MAKE UP!
Remember, you are not just doing hip-hop, you ARE hip-hop
[HWC] Wake up to make up
[HWC] Wake up to make up
Twice a year, hip-hoppers come together
to celebrate the unity of hip-hop
We come together, during Hip-Hop Appreciation Week
[HWC] Wake up to make up..
Which is every third week in May
[HWC] Wake up to make up..
Then, we come together in Novemeber
to celebrate Hip-Hop History Month
I will see you there - PEACE!